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The Columbian Balance, and Repository.

" HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D !
" HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D !"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (New-York) TUESDAY, June 7, 1803.

Original Essays.

Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.

FOR THE BALANCE.

ON THE MORAL AND POLITICAL EFFECTS OF NEGRO-SLAVERY.

THE United States exhibit a spectacle such as is no where else to be found on the globe; nor indeed in the annals of history, either ancient or modern. In this country, that professes the purest republicanism and a most sacred regard for the rights of man, vast multitudes of human creatures are held in bondage; and the laws entail slavery on their posterity. This contradiction between profession and practice is also connected with another absurdity, that is equally great and glaring. Tho' the African slaves are negotiable property, by the laws of the land, they are made a constitutional part of the body politic; insomuch that five slaves are equal to three freemen in the apportionment of the representatives to Congress. According to this establishment in our national constitution, a district consisting only of a hundred planters or lords, who should each one own five hundred negroes, would be entitled to the privilege of having a representative to Congress, equally to another district that should consist of thirty three thousand free people. But the climax of absurdity ascends still a step higher. The men who have gained an *exclusive* privilege by the constitutional act of the nation; who have raised themselves to the condition of a real aristocracy; who have obtained for every five of their negro slaves an equal weight, on the general scale, to that of any three substantial yeoman;—these men are now considered by half the nation as the great bulwark of liberty, the quintessence of republican purity; while the plain farmers of New-England, who till their ground with their own hands, are called by the opprobrious name of aristocrats. So easy it is to blind the minds of thoughtless multitudes and to lead them by the ears.

In the five southern states only, according to the last enumeration, there are six hundred and thirty thousand negro slaves; which is about an eighth part of the number of the whole nation. This singular circumstance, if it be considered merely in a *political* view appears fraught with public evils. In the first place, there is excited and cherished a spirit of absolute despotism; a spirit totally inconsistent with the genius of a free republic.

Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, has the following remarks on this subject. " There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthrophy or his self love, for restraining the intemperance of passion toward his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances."

Allowing the correctness of this description, of which there is no cause to doubt, we are led to entertain an horrible idea of the baneful effects of slavery on the morals and habits, as well of the masters as of the slaves. Most willingly is it acknowledged that there have been and are very excellent moral and political characters among the great slave-holders of the *South*: but according to Mr. Jefferson these are *prodigies*. They are rare instances of a virtuous energy of mind, that is proof against the most powerful means of contamination: and therefore do no wise affect the general argument.

If, as Mr. Jefferson avers, the whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other; if the children of the great slave-holders are nursed, educated and daily exercised in tyranny, and are unavoidably stamped by it with odious peculiarities;—it plainly follows that the existence of almost a million negro slaves in the bosom of this country powerfully tends to form such manners and habits as are totally repugnant to the spirit and principles of our free republican government.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Political.

FOR THE BALANCE.

REMOVALS.

[CONCLUDED.]

BUT the ſyſtem of removals is of moſt pernicious tendency, as regards that portion of the people who, though not the moſt numerous, will always be the *bleſſing*, or *curſe* of the country. I mean the men of middling ſtanding in ſociety—of middling information and middling influence. It is hardly worth while to mince the matter. Let us ſcorn all flouriſhing and canting, and ſtick to the plain truth. We do *know*, that a very great portion of the people vote as ſome leading men of the neighborhood, town, county and ſtate happen to have arranged matters. If the leading men of the ſtate, or the very great men are ſound, there is certainly no danger; if the leading men of the county are ſound, the ſafety is increaſed; if thoſe of the town and of each neighborhood are ſound, all goes on right. But the great men firſt become corrupt, if there be any corruption in the country at all. Why is this? Becauſe theſe great men are generally very ambitious, and heated by rivalſhip, adopt any means to ſecure their ends: to wit, *office*. They have their minds bent upon their political promotion—they dread the diſgrace of defeat, and the country's cauſe is neglected, while theſe great men are contending. Still, however, we are pretty ſecure, ſo long as thoſe who arrange county matters are ſtill ſound at the core.—They nominate members of the legiſlature; and if theſe members are diſcreet and firm enough, there is no great danger; the laws will ſtill protect your rights. But if theſe are drawn into the vortex of corrupting ambition, the ſcales are balanced. There is then nothing left but the better informed part of the yeomanry, the laſt hope of liberty. Theſe, however, being but men, may be corrupted by ambition, ſuited to their ſituation, as well as the greater kind. When this is once effected, the whole body is ſick.—The maſs of the people hear the declamations of adverſe bar-room politicians, or ſtreet-orators; they read the papers teeming with abuſe and recrimination; they hear charges made and denied—facts ſtated and contradicted; and where the truth and juſtice lays, the unambitious honeſt friend of his country ſeeks in vain! This is a true picture of our country at this day. Heſitation, confuſion and diſtraction, on all ſides! Think you, my friend, that all this is occaſioned by *patriotiſm*? Think you that it is occaſioned by a noble zeal for your *liberties*? No, no! Believe it not. It is THE LUST OF OFFICE, the bane of liberty, virtue and honeſty.—It has corrupted many, very many.—They bargain away your votes and their own.—As low down as the conſtable's office, you ſee bargaining—for you ſee it a matter of *party*, which is the ſame thing. Can you wonder, if in this ſtate of things, your true intereſts are neglected? When every body is for himſelf, who ſhall be for the public? There was enough of all this, before De Witt Clinton's Council, following Jefferſon's example, commenced its career. But then the finiſhing touch was given. It was then declared openly, that capacity and faithfulneſs ſhould be no longer a protection—that no diſcrimination ought or ſhould be made between the honeſt or diſhoneſt, the capable or incapable officers; all ſhould be ſwept away without diſtinction. Vice and virtue were at once confounded. Ability and weakneſs were placed on a level. Who will ſupport Thomas Jefferſon, and all in authority under him?—come to us, you ſhall be exalted. Who will dare to deny his maſter, he ſhall be debaſed.—No ſervices, even in the revolution—no talents, no integrity, ſhall protect him. The call was underſtood, and ſo numerous were the beſiegers of the Council, that the ſtoop of the Tontine, at Albany, actually was cruſhed with their weight. And this combination of the farcical and tragical was called Republicaniſm! So Jeroboam cried, *behold thy Gods, Iſrael, which brought thee up out of Egypt;* and the people worſhipped them. Thus are we now circumſtanced; and how to regain the ground we have loſt, is the moſt difficult enquiry of all; and becauſe it is difficult to rectify the corrupted—or to reach the underſtandings of the diſtracted multitude.

MORGAN.

To STANISLAUS HOXTON Esq.

May 3, 1803.

DEAR SIR,

WITHOUT enquiring into the motives which induced Mr. Paine to addreſs his ſix extraordinary letters to the people of the United States; it ſeems to be high time at leaſt, to diſcloſe to the world the effects which this man's general conduct and theſe letters in particular, have produced upon our people; never having ſeen Paine, I can be actuated by nothing ariſing from the diſguſting egotiſm which every one complains of in his converſation. My opinions are formed upon his own words and works, and upon a knowledge of the political and religious creed of our native American Republicans; ſince ſeventy ſix it has been my pride to be one of this ſect; I ſhall remain one ſo long as our native virtues and ſtrength ſhall be exerted to protect us againſt *ſuch Foreigners* and the inſidious doctrines they avow! Revolution is this man's darling paſſion! His ineffable vanity and arrogance has conſtantly intruded him into ſcenes of convulſion—and if we could believe his frantic ſcribblers he controuls the deſtiny of the political world!

Not ſatisfied with this *ideal importance*, upon politics, he has filched from deiſtical writers of a former age, the hackneyed doctrines of infidels, in hopes alſo to proſtrate chriſtianity, the ſweeteſt conſolation of mankind! He has done more—he has ſet up a ſtandard for infidelity to rally round, and a precedent for ingratitude to ſkulk into! In his Age of Reaſon, he has reviled the religion of our country—in his letter to Gen. Waſhington, he has traduced his benefactor! but we thank God, that the religion of this weſtern world is not to be overcome by the pigmy lucubrations of an unprincipled revolutioniſt! Our diligent and enlightened government will frown upon his diſorganiſing and officious impertinence, and the people will cry out with one voice, "away with ſuch foreign miſcreants—*Paine* has been a *Callender* toward Waſhington, and Callender has been a Paine to Jefferſon." But let us turn this fellow round and ſee what he has done—he tells us that after *he finiſhed* the revolution in America, he went to Europe. I would aſk for what purpoſe? If he really conſiders himſelf an American citizen, why did he deſert his favourite country, and deprive her of his immaculate energies at a time when the conſtitution was in the infancy of experiment? he has never dared to ſay he was ſent by the government as an agent of any kind, although he has the audacity to complain that the executive did not claim him when he was jeopardized in France by his own folly! No—The actual cauſe of his leaving this country at that time, was the very ſame which brought him here in the firſt inſtance—to partake in more revolutions! and in this movement we ſee his own maxim verified, "that every vice has a virtue oppoſed to it," for ſo ſoon as our government aſſumed a ſhape of virtuous energy, he ſhrunk from its terrors, and haſtened into the vortex of European infamy! his Rights of Man, addreſſed to the people of England, is of the ſame complexion—it unhinges the fundamental principles of American independency—The natural right of every nation to govern itſelf without the interference of ſtrangers. It goes to ſap the foundation upon which every well regulated political inſtitution builds its hope of wealth, peace, and happineſs! By ſtirring up diſcontent among the ignorant; by alarming the fears of the credulous; by miſrepreſenting the motives and actions of men in

power (and by this means diſplace thoſe whom a majority of the nation have declared ſhall be their rulers) and by inculcating doctrines which go to produce civil war! This was Paine's employment in England! and Oh! ſad to tell, while this political Quixotte was buſily employed in diſtributing *his Rights* to the *people* of England, but for his ſudden diſappearance the Magiſtrates would have preſented him with one of theirs—the right of hanging a Scoundrel! Tom found England would not do for him, and he *ſtole* over to France! Here this political voluptuary could glut his paſſion for revolutions! He had been by turns an Engliſh, an American, and a French Citizen, but ſo much did he prefer the laſt, that *he honoured* their national legiſlature with taking a ſeat; from this dignified ſtand did he look on without emotion, and witneſs the ſhocking maſſacres of theſe horrid times! But when his colleague, the tyrant Robeſpierre, had uſurped the power over the Guillotine, and declared "that it was the intereſt of America to arreſt Paine," then, and not till then, do we find our hero alive to the miſeries of France, and his own danger! Poor Tom has exerted all his ſophiſtry and logic to color over this act in his Tragic Comedy, but it wont do! every man muſt aſk, why did he go to France at all? Or, why did he remain there after Robeſpierres execution? there can be but one anſwer, that to the firſt, his pride was too much gratified to part with his importance—to the ſecond, he felt ſure again to renew his former enjoyments, while the ſame ſcenes were playing over again, and he could not bring himſelf to part with ſuch exquiſite gratifications.

But mark my gentleman!—No ſooner had Bonaparte ſtopped the revolutionary exceſſes, and there appeared ſomething like law and goſpel in France, we find him whining to our generous and humane executive, for leave to return in a government veſſel, by which he would be protected againſt Britain, where his life had been forfeited, and enable him too to leave France unmoleſted. But to ſecure this departure more certainly, and with ſome eclat, which his little ſoul is always panting after, *he publiſhed, (wrongly tranſlated)* the Preſident's letter of *permiſſion*, written in the ealy confidence of old acquaintance! Thus did this man avail himſelf of an indecorous publication to deceive the world as to executive patronage! Mr. Jefferſon's enemies have "ſeized the golden opportunity" and charged him with advocating all the crimes of this deteſted monſter! Although the Preſident will feel no ſort of uneaſineſs at this twiſted inference among the numberleſs others, yet the friends to the adminiſtration cannot ſuffer Tom Paine, who has cap'd the climax of iniquity, to intrude himſelf into our republican ſect—we diſclaim the aſſociation and deſpiſe his principles! He has had the preſumption to place himſelf (uninvited) in the front rank of our party! And our adverſaries rejoice, becauſe he is the ſure inſtrument to do us injury! The republicaniſm of Americans is as oppoſite to this man's doctrines, as is vice to virtue! I know that mine is, and I believe, from every thing I have heard and ſeen, that ſuch is the univerſal ſentiment.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
WILLIAM BAKER.

REMARKS FROM THE WASHINGTON FEDERALIST.

The above letter, as it reſpects the principles and conduct of Paine, expreſſes the natural feelings, the honeſt independent ſentiments of an American. We cannot however ſubſcribe to the opinion, that the preſident is untarniſhed with the irreligious, envious and ungrateful principles of his friend Paine. If Dr. Baker will ſearch the expoſitory of his own boſom, he will find nothing there to juſtify Mr. Jefferſon. The Doctor feels indignant at the reſtleſs, turbulent ſpirit, which would ſet the world in arms, and draw from the breaſt of man every ſource of conſolation. He ſpurns the man from his ſociety, who ſcoffs at religion, reviles the greateſt ornament, the moſt munificent benefactor of our country. This is natural, it is American. But do we find any thing like this in the conduct of the preſident? Do we not find him in the habit of frequent and familiar correſpondence with Paine?—Would Dr. Baker do this? The preſident does not merely give him *permiſſion* to come to this country, but compliments him on his "uſeful labors," applauds his conduct, addreſſes him with the confidence and familiarity of friendſhip, on the ſtate of parties in this country, and refers him to a Member of Congreſs, for further information on that head. "Did this in the preſident ſeem like" diſapprobation! Does not this exhibit the "blaſphemer," as an uſeful friend and partizan? A mere *permiſſion* to come to this country, (which by the bye was not requiſite) might have been expreſſed in very few words. It was unneceſſary to interlard it with fulſome compliments.

Dr. Baker ſpeaks of the preſident's letter, as being improperly diſcloſed. Part of it was publiſhed before *Paine* left France. On his arrival here, did Mr. Jefferſon express any diſapprobation at *Paine's* thus giving publicity to the letter, or to any of thoſe infamous writings, and abandoned principles which diſgraced his correſpondent? Did he even treat him with cold indifference or mere formal reſpect! No. *Paine* had not been half an hour in George Town, before the preſident's ſecretary was diſpatched to enquire after his health, and to attend to his accommodation. Mr. Lewis was almoſt conſtantly engaged for ſeveral days, in performing the preſidential honors to *Paine*, in ſhewing him the City and procuring lodgings—for even this was attended with no ſmall difficulty, backed as it was by the whole weight of preſidential influence. There were many who thought and acted as Americans, and would not receive ſuch an inmate as *Paine*. The day after *Paine's* arrival, all ceremony being waved, he dined with the preſident. This familiar and eaſy intercourſe was kept up by theſe loving friends, and *Paine* was almoſt a conſtant gueſt at the table of our Chief Magiſtrate, the ſucceſſor and profeſſing friend of Waſhington. He dined with all the heads of the departments, and all thoſe in and about Waſhington, over whom the preſident had any influence. With all theſe facts ſtaring us in the face, can it be called a "twiſting inference," to ſay that there is a cordial friendſhip ſubſiſting between Mr. Jefferſon and *Paine*, founded on and cemented by the ſimilarity of their religious and political principles? There are no doubt many honeſt men of the democratic party, who, with Doctor Baker, "diſclaim the aſſociation and deſpiſe the principles" of *Paine*. But this is no proof that their ſentiments accord with thoſe of the government. The variance between profeſſions and actions, between principles and practice, has become ſo familiar with our readers, that it ceaſes to excite wonder. The admirers of Mr. Jefferſon and his *profeſſed* principles, from an anxious deſire to approve, frequently ſuffer themſelves to be led away, by the moſt flimſy pretexts, and bold aſſertions. Let any man lay aſide his prejudices, and calmly reflect on the conduct of Mr. Jefferſon and his particular friends and dependants, and then ſay, that they have been entirely uninfluenced by the principles and ſentiments of *Paine*. No individual could have attracted ſuch aſſiduous and reſpectful attention, greater than any man in the United States ever experienced from our preſent rulers, without his having gained their eſteem and admiration. They could not have *feared* his influence or talents. By what other motive could they then be directed but love. We will carry this queſtion home, by aſking Dr. Baker, if any thing would have tempted him to act the ſame part? We readily undertake to anſwer for him. No.—Why? Becauſe he deſpiſed the man and his principles. What then but love and reſpect could have influenced the conduct of thoſe who acted differently?

Balance Cloſet.

One of the Bee's correſpondents in Canandaigua, ſays, "I am ſurpriſed that your paper is ſo ſeldom received here, as the Balance arrives regularly every week." And the Bee is doubtleſs as much ſurpriſed as its correſpondent. We can explain the buſineſs in a few words. The Bees that are ſent in the mail, are carelessly rolled together, and have no other protection from injury than a piece of flimſy printing paper, ſlightly paſted round them. The Balance, on the contrary, is carefully enclosed in white paper, and then ſecured by ſtout wrappers and ſtrong twine. Now let the reader judge which of theſe papers, after being carried ſome hundreds of miles on horſe-back, expoſed perhaps to rain and ſnow-ſtorms, are moſt likely to arrive ſafe at the place of their deſtination.

The editor of the Bee has at length given himſelf a name and character which we muſt confeſs is ſtrictly appropriate. In his laſt paper he actually ſtyles himſelf an "Echo." That the Bee is nothing but an echo of the ſlanders and ribaldry of Duane, Cheetham and Tom Paine, has long been known, but never before acknowledged.

Agricultural.

FROM THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

MAKE no more haſte than good ſpeed, is advice worth obſerving. Haſte often makes waſte. Some loſe more by their precipitancy, than they gain by their induſtry. They are in ſo great a hurry about one thing, that they forget other things and accompliſh nothing. They have a half dozen deſigns in their heads at once, demanding attention, and like a litter of pigs, puſhing away one another.—They are buſy in collecting ; and what they gather with their hands, they kick away with their feet.

Fervidus is one of this ſort of men. No man is more buſy, or does leſs to the purpoſe. A piece of ground muſt be ploughed to-day. To-morrow ſomething elſe muſt be done. He hires a plough—tackles his team—drives them on the full run into the field—has forgot his plough—whips the boy, becauſe he did not think of it—haſtens back after it—the boy runs home—it is noon before he can bring his matters together—and he does but half a day's work. In the courſe of a ſummer, he overturns ſeveral loads of hay. There is the appearance of a ſhower, he goads on his cattle ; and inſtead of looking at his cart, looks at the clouds : his load is overſet, and out in the rain. He riſes in a winter morning, with a determination to ſled home three loads of wood. He muſt firſt get his boots mended. He runs to the barn—throws ſome hay to the cattle in the ſtables—forgets thoſe in the yard—never ſhuts the door—haſtens to the ſhoe-maker, but has left his boots at home—runs back after them—finds his cattle in the barn, and his oxen at the corn cribs—drives them out with a vengeance—goes into the houſe in a foam—ſtrikes the firſt he meets, for leaving the barn door open—concludes his oxen will die—cooks a meſs to prevent the fatal effects of the corn they have eaten—in his hurry kicks it over—and then prepares another. He gets no wood to-day—keeps himſelf in a fret, and his family in a tumult. He gives his people no orders how to employ themſelves—they loſe their time—and at night he is in a rage becauſe not a ſoul has done any work. Fervidus fully believes the doctrine of witchcraft : and his family are ſoberly of opinion, that there is an evil ſpirit.

Monitorial Department.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

HOW TO PRESERVE FRIENDSHIP.

BY REV. DR. LATHROP.

AS virtue is the baſis, ſo a ſimilarity of taſte and manners contribute much to the pleaſure and uſefulneſs of friendſhip. In the choice of a friend, have a principal regard to the former, and be not indifferent to the latter.

If you would preſerve his friendſhip, act with the ſtricteſt integrity ; for artifice, once detected, will deſtroy his future confidence. Keep with ſacred taciturnity, the ſecrets he commits to you : if you betray them, he will not eaſily pardon the offence or truſt you again. Treat him with ſuch openneſs, as indicates your reliance on his fidelity : but commit not to him the ſecrets, which would put his fidelity to the torture. Not only aſſiſt him, on urgent occaſions, but often oblige him in matters of mere convenience or fancy : little compliances may be of greater conſequence than ſubſtantial benefits ; becauſe the former may be frequent, the latter can be but rare. Never ſeem indifferent to that which ſenſibly intereſts him. Indifference from you wounds more deeply than an injury from another Defend his character, when it is unjuſtly attacked ; for your ſilence will fix the ſcandal ; and he will conſider it as obloquy. Never ſacrifice one friend, in complaiſance to another ; for by treachery to one, you deſtroy the confidence of both. Oblige him with an alacrity, that anticipates his requeſt, or, at leaſt, prevents the repetition of it ; for a favour, extorted by importunity, loſes more than half its value. Often remind him of the benefits you have received from him ; rarely mention thoſe you have done him ; for he will feel your kindneſs more, as *you* ſeem to feel it leſs. Give him your advice, when he aſks it, and even tho' he aſk it not, if you ſee he needs it, leſt he impute to you the errors of his conduct . but aſſume no magiſterical airs ; rather inſinuate, than impoſe your advice. Remind him of his real faults and of ſuch foibles as render him diſguſtful ; but vex him not with a frequent rehearſal of trivial ſingularities, leſt he think you peeviſh or captious. Admoniſh him in private, nor relate to others what you have privately ſaid to him ; affect not to be thought his reformer : let him have all the honour of appearing to rectify his errors, on the reflections of his own mind. Study to cover his blemiſhes, to excuſe his failings, and caſt a mantle over his ſtains ; and be forward to proclaim only his virtues and worthy actions. Accommodate yourſelf to his humour, ſo far as it is innocent ; ſo far as it is otherways, endeavour to mend it by your counſel and example.

Literary Notice.

FORSYTH ON FRUIT TREES.

Meſſrs. DANIEL & SAMUEL WHITING, of Albany, have iſſued propoſals for publiſhing a new and celebrated work, entitled " A Treatiſe on the Culture and management of Fruit-Trees ; in which a new method of pruning and training is fully deſcribed—together with obſervations on the diſeaſes, defects, and injuries, in all kinds of Fruit and Foreſt Trees ; as alſo, an account of a particular method of cure, made public by order of the Britiſh Government." By William Forſyth, F. A. S. and F. S. A. Gardener to his Majeſty at Kenſington and St. James', To which are added, " An introduction and notes, adapting the rules of the treatiſe to the climates and ſeaſons of the United States of America."—This valuable work will be compriſed in an octavo volume of 300 pages, beſides 13 well-executed copper plate engravings. The publiſhers offer it to ſubſcribers, neatly bound and lettered, at the low price of One Dollar and fifty cents.

PUBLISHERS' ADDRESS.

Every ſort to improve the Agricultural intereſts of our country, muſt be important in the eſtimation of its citizens. Perhaps there is no part of the huſbandman's care which has been ſo much neglected in this country as the managements of his *fruit trees*. Poſſeſſing, from the hand of nature, all the requiſites of ſoil and climate to make our orchards the pride of vegetation, and the ſource of unnumbered comforts and wealth, we ſhould have aided her kind arrangements, and cultivated, with grateful aſſiduity, the choiceſt of her gifts ; but the very reverſe of this has been our practice. The wretched appearance of our orchards in general ; their ſcanty harveſts ; their ſickly and unſavory fruits ; their frequent blaſts, and their early decays, prove the exiſtence of ſome radical evil in their management, and loudly call for the correcting hand of the huſbandman. To teach him this duty in its moſt improved forms, and to lead him to a practical acquaintance with the *character* and *conſtitution of fruit trees*, is the deſign of this

publication. The beſt judges of the ſubject in this country have pronounced it a work of unequalled merit and importance.

Character of the work, extracted from the introduction, addreſſed to Mr. JAMES PAUL, *Senior, of Buſſleton, Pennſylvania, by an Engliſh Gentleman, who formerly reſided in the ſtate of New-York.*

"DURING the many happy days which I paſſed at your hoſpitable manſion, my obſervation was occaſionally directed to the ſtate of your orchards, and your method of cultivation; and I have not unfrequently preceived, that you, as well as other perſons, in the ſtates of Pennſylvania, New-Jerſey, and New-York, experienced no ſmall diſappointment, vexation, and loſs, from the failure in the crops, and from the premature death of your fruit trees. The ſmallneſs and inferior quality of the fruit of the Peach-Tree, in particular, and the ſwift decay of the tree itſelf, have for many years paſt, been a ſubject of general regret in the middle ſtates of America; and, it appears to me, that whoever ſhall firſt communicate to you a method of removing this evil, will render you no unacceptable ſervice. Under this perſuaſion, I addreſs to you a few introductory remarks on a work, which, I think, is extremely well calculated to afford you a great deal of new and uſeful information, on the culture and management of thoſe trees, which are at once the comfort and the ornament of your country.

"The work is the production of Mr. *Forsyth*, the King's gardener at Kenſington and St. James'. He ſome years ago, made public his method of curing diſeaſed and decayed fruit and foreſt-trees, for which diſcloſure, after a very minute examination, made by men of great ſkill, his Majeſty, at the recommendation of both Houſes of Parliament, granted him a reward of about eighteen thouſand dollars. A full account of this examination, together with its reſult, you will find in the appendix to the preſent work.

"During the laſt ſummer (1801,) I went with a party of friends, to be an eye witneſs of the effects (of which I had heard ſuch wonders related) of this gentleman's mode of cultivating and curing trees; and, though my mind had received a ſtrong prepoſſeſſion in its favour, what I ſaw very far ſurpaſſed my expectation. Mr. Forſyth, whoſe book was not then publiſhed, did us the favor to ſhew us the manuſcript of it, and alſo the drawings for the plates, which are now to be found at the end of the work. After having read thoſe parts of the manuſcript, which more immediately referred to the drawings, we went into the gardens, and there ſaw every tree which the drawings were intended to repreſent, and of which we found them to be a moſt exact repreſentation.

"We examined theſe trees from the ground to the topmoſt branches; we counted the joints in the wood, aſcertained the time and extent of its growth, and, in ſhort, verified every fact that the book related. To raiſe fine flouriſhing wood from an old cankered, gummy, decayed ſtem; to raiſe as much wood on that ſtem, in three years, as could have been raiſed on the fineſt young tree, in twelve years; to take the rotten wood from the trunk, to replace it with ſound wood, actually to fill up the hollows, and of a mere ſhell, to make a full, round, and ſolid trunk; all this ſeems incredible; but of all this we ſaw indubitable proof. The ſuperiority of Mr. Forſyth's mode of pruning might have been fairly inferred from the abundance and excellence of the fruit with which every tree in his gardens was loaded, while thoſe in other gardens had but a partial crop, and that much inferior in quality; but he has left the merit of no part of his ſyſtem to be gathered from inference, and, therefore, not content with this contraſt between his own and other gardens, nor even between different trees in his own garden, he has moſt ſucceſsfully exhibited it between different branches of the ſame tree. By turning to the chapter on Pears, and by referring to plate 7, you will ſee the portrait of a Pear-Tree, one branch of which we found pruned in the common way, and the other branches according to the method taught by this book. The fruit on the former we found ſmall, hard knotted, and taſting almoſt as bad as the fruit, which, in America, is called the *Cloak-Pear*; on the other branches, the fruit was large and clear, and of an excellent flavour.

"To enter into an analyſis of the ſeveral parts of the work is by no means my intention: But I cannot here refrain from recommending to your particular notice, the directions for planting, reſtoring, and perpetuating your Apple Orchards; for preſerving your Peach-Trees from thoſe miſchievous inſects, which now render them ſo very ſhort-lived; and for the propagating and training of your vines; on which three important heads, you appear to me to ſtand in need of the very information that is herein communicated."

Miscellany.

From the PHILADELPHIA GAZETTE.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. CHARLES LEE.

DURING the late war in America, this eccentric character happened to fall in at York, Virginia. An officer of this rank could ſcarcely enter ſuch a place as York, without raiſing a ſwell of rumour that would preſently fill every parlour and kitchen with his name. He was inſtantly waited on by Gen. Nelſon, Secretary Nelſon, and all the great people in the village. A ſplendid dinner was prepared—the ſoul of the Old Virginia hoſpitality brightened on evry face, and the fine nut flavoured Madeira ſeemed to carry a livelier bead at ſight of this famous ſon of Liberty. Soon as the diſhes were removed, the name of Waſhington was heard, and his health went round in every flowing glaſs. "Ah! general," ſaid Nelſon, turning to Lee, "we certainly have the greateſt man in the world at the head of our affairs: but, but—I am afraid he has not ſeen quite ſervice enough." "Very true," added the good ſecretary, keeping up the ſtrain, "Waſhington, to be ſure is the man without an equal, but experience, General, experience is a great thing; and I would freely give a thouſand guineas that Waſhington had but a little more of it." Many other ſuch ſage like ſpeeches were made, too tedious for detail, but which were all concluded with a ſignificant look at Lee, as if to ſay—"ſhall be glad of your opinion, ſir." Lee, the mean while ſat patting the head of Spado, till the ſpeakers all became ſilent, and ſilence became ſpeaker from every expreſſive eye fixed on Lee, who turning off his heeltap, and clapping his glaſs on the table, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I muſt beg leave to differ from you, decidedly to differ from you—What you ſay about *experience, ſeeing ſervice*, and all that, may be very correct when applied to officers in general; but to Waſhington it does not apply at all. He belongs to quite another order of beings entirely: and is one of thoſe extraordinary characters who comprehend every thing by intuition. In ſhort gentlemen, I look on General Waſhington as a ſecond Jeſus Chriſt." The company were all ſtruck cadaverous with horror (as well they might) at ſo impious a ſpeech. "Pardon, gentlemen, pardon me; I really did not intend to hurt your feelings. All I meant was that God has ſent Geo. Waſhington to be the political ſaviour of this country; and in my opinion, there is no man among us fit for that high office but himſelf. I have never yet known Gen. Waſhington to err. There is, for example, that curſed affair of Fort Waſhington. When the Britiſh were advancing, every body was for defending it. The Council of War, to a man, was for it: and to be candid Gentlemen, I was of the ſame opinion. But Waſhington was point blank againſt us all.—He told us with his uſual calmneſs that it could never ſuſtain the weight of the Britiſh army.—Our numbers, however, overruling his modeſty, the matter was put to iſſue: and what was the conſequence? why we loſt the fort and 3000 men. And I am thoroughly perſuaded that if from the

ſtart, he had been ſuffered by Congreſs and the councils of war to follow the dictates of his own judgment, he would have ſaved to his country nine-tenths of all thoſe brave fellows who are now unfortunately in their graves—for his aim from the beginning was to ſave lives and not to murder—and to conquer the enemy by diſarming, not by deſtroying them."

[It has been reported that General Washington was obſtinately opposed to the evacuation of fort Washington; and that his pertinacious endeavours to defend it, contrary to the maxims of prudence, originated in a principle of vanity, and was owing to the trivial circumſtance that the fortress bore his name. If the foregoing anecdote be correct, it utterly invalidates these cenſures and reproaches.

Edit. Bal.]

Be it our weekly task,
To note the paſſing tidings of the times.

Hudson, *June* 7, 1803.

We mentioned, ſome weeks ſince, the probability that every county in this ſtate except *two*, would ſend Democrats to the Aſſembly. We have ſince learnt, that the opinion was erroneous; as two or three other counties, have, unexpectedly, elected federaliſts. Notwithſtanding this, there will be a "ſweeping majority" of democrats in the houſe; and, if one tenth part of their promiſes are true, the people will be wholly releaſed from taxes next year. We have not yet been informed whether any of the "friends of the people," who have lately obtained offices, have offered their ſervices *cheaper* than the "proud, extravagant, ariſtocratical federaliſts," who formerly held them. This intelligence, however, is expected anon, and when it arrives, we ſhall promptly lay it before our readers.

DOWN WITH THE "OLD TORIES."

Gideon Granger continues to drive his trade of *turning*—poſt-maſters out of office. Amongſt the late removals by this "petty tyrant" we obſerve that of Capt. Burnett, Newark N. J. On this tranſaction, the Evening Poſt remarks as follows:—

"Capt. John Burnett, who has now been diſplaced, was one of our brave revolutionary officers; he was found in the field, ready to devote his life and ſacrifice all its comforts and conveniences to the ſervice of his country, when Gideon Granger, the ſervile inſtrument of an unworthy paſſion, was an

. . . . . "Infant,
"Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms."

"STEADY HABITS."

By an official return of votes for Governor of Maſſachuſetts, it appears that Gov. Strong's majority is 14,989.—In 1801, it was 5,277. In 1802 it had increaſed to 10,383;—and this year it has made another advance of upwards of 4000. On the election of Speaker in the houſe of repreſentatives the federal majority was 54.—Thus progreſſes the good cauſe in Maſſachuſetts.

Mr. Monroe, (with cap in hand, and two millions in his pocket) arrived at Havre on the 9th of April.

It is ſaid, that the whole city of Paris, and even the conſular palace itſelf, are placarded with the following words:—

"*Point de Paix—Point de Conſul.*"
"No Peace—No Conſul."

The United States frigate Conſtitution, now lying in Boſton harbor, is ordered to be fitted for ſea immediately. She will be commanded by Capt. Prebble.

The corner ſtone of a new city-hall has been laid in New-York. The building will be 216 feet in length, and 100 in depth; to be built of cut-ſtone; the baſement ruſticated; the firſt ſtory to be of the Ionic order, with columns and pilaſtres; and the upper ſtory of the Corinthian order. The ends and rear to be ornamented in an elegant manner.

FIRES.

On the morning of the 30th ult. a fire broke out in Schenectady, in a hatter's ſhop, belonging to Mr. S. Hatch, which deſtroyed that building, together with 14 others. The loſs is conſiderable.

On the 22d ult. a large ſtore-houſe, belonging to the New-York Bread Company, was deſtroyed by fire, together with a large quantity of flour, bread, &c.—Two men were killed, and ſeveral badly wounded.

INTERNAL COMMERCE.

The Frankfort (Kentucky) paper of the 27th April, announces the ſailing of the Go-By, the firſt veſſel for ſea, ever built on the Kentucky river. The ſpectacle muſt have been extremely pleaſing to Kentuckians.

A Louiſville (Ken.) account of May 5, announces that the following veſſels have lately paſſed the falls at that place.—April 28, Schooner Indiana, of Marietta. May 1, Schooner Go-By, of Frankfort. May 2, Schooner Dorcas & Sally, of Wheeling. May 3, Ship Pittſburgh, 268 tons, and Schooner Amity, 103 tons, both of Pittſburgh. May 5, Brig Minerva, of Marietta, 150 tons.

FROM NEW-ORLEANS.

We have received verbal information from New-Orleans, as late as the 29th of April. On the 23d there arrived at that place a courier from Old Spain. It was ſanguinely expected there, by the Americans, that this veſſel was the bearer of ſome ſatisfactory explanation on the ſubject of the right of depoſit—Unfortunately however, when the contents of her advices were known, it appeared, that the intendant had indeed received anſwers to his firſt diſpatches, forwarded ſoon after the occluſion of the port; BUT THAT THESE ANSWERS WERE UNACCOMPANIED BY ANY ORDERS OR EXPLANATION ON THE SUBJECT! This ſilence on a matter which involved the good faith, and conſequent tranquility of the Court of Spain, could not be conſtrued into any thing leſs than a tacit approbation of the conduct of the Intendant: and ſo it was generally underſtood at New-Orleans. Our informant is further of opinion, from an intimate acquaintance with the character and principles of Mr. Morales, the intendant, that he would not hazard his reputation by committing an act of this magnitude without he were well aſſured of the ſupport of his government.—Indeed circumſtances were daily diſcloſing at New-Orleans, which more and more evinced, that this unprovoked attack on our rights was the reſult of cabinet intrigue between Spain and France.

The above information we received from a gentleman of unqueſtionable veracity.

[*Philad. Gazette.*]

Another Proof of Mr. Jefferſon's Sincerity.

To evince his averſion to a "political intolerance, as deſpotic as wicked," Mr. Jefferſon has removed from his ſituation as Naval Officer of the Cuſtom Houſe in this city, Mr. Richard Rogers, and has appointed in his place Mr. Samuel Oſgood.

Of Mr. Rogers, foes as well as friends muſt unite to declare, that an officer of more competent ability, more unimpeachable integrity, or more unwearied induſtry, was not to be found in the United States—but he was a Federaliſt. Of Mr. Oſgood, his ſucceſſor, foes as well as friends muſt unite in the acknowledgment,—but why ſay any thing that may uſeleſsly irritate?

The democrats have not long ſince had the imprudence and contempt of truth to declare, that notwithſtanding the removals, the federaliſts hold ſtill a greater number of offices than they do themſelves! in anſwer to which we have ſomtimes replied, that in point of value there was no compariſon, and that every office of any value in this city at leaſt if not in the United States, excepting one, had been transferred to the Jefferſonian ſect, and that one is now gone. By way of producing "a proportionate ſhare," "a due participation in office" therefore, as Mr. Jefferſon ſo plauſibly pretended to the New-Haven merchants, he has ſhifted every office of any value into the hands of his own ſect. But then you are not to think he is a man of "political intolerance," my friend; no, no, he hates that from his ſoul. In his own words, "political intolerance," is both "deſpotic and wicked;" and ſurely Mr. Jefferſon is no deſpot, he loves the people ſo dearly! What would he not give to cram the *mouth of labour*? And as to his being a wicked man, he is too much of a modern philoſopher to be wicked; to be ſure, he is ſometimes, as the ladies ſay, a little naughty, but la! ſo are all philoſophers that have been to France. We could mention one or two, but *de mortuis nil niſi bonum*—ſo there's an end of that.

The name of this Mr. Oſgood, reminded us that we had ſeen ſomething reſpecting him in a pamphlet which appeared in the ſummer of 1801, entitled, "An Examination of the Preſident's Reply to the New-Haven Remonſtrance." There we found an alluſion made to a former tranſaction, in ſuch a ſtyle of myſtery, as has induced us to enquire into it. Our information amounts to this:—that Mr. Oſgood when he formerly belonged to the party, ſince called federal, was the firſt man in the United States who is known to have diſcovered any ſymptoms of that deteſtible "political intolerance" which requires the removal of every man from office who will not truckle to the party in power.—"The name of the late Abraham Yates, formerly commiſſioner of loans, will at once ſuggeſt to Mr. Oſgood what is meant," and let him, if he dare, appeal for his innocence to either Governor Clinton or Chancellor Lanſing, or to Abrahan G. Lanſing or Peter Yates, as to what they know or have heard of this tranſaction. Now then, with what conſiſtency is this man ſo repeatedly ſelected to ſucceed federal officers removed on account of their political ſentiments? Firſt, Col. Fiſh, a revolutionary officer, was turned out in order to preſent Mr. Oſgood with the office of ſupervisor; that office expired the next year, and now Mr. Rogers, another officer appointed by Preſident Waſhington, is turned adrift to make way for this ſame meritorious Mr. Oſgood. Thus, under pretence of revenging himſelf on the federal party, becauſe as he ſaid, though not with truth, "thoſe who were not of their particular ſect of politics were excluded from all office," he has twice provided an office at their expence for the very man who was really active in introducing this excluding ſyſtem—This is another ſpecimen of the conſiſtency of a good leading democrat. [*Evening Poſt.*]

SALEM, MAY 24.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Capt. Shillaber, from Mogadore, has favoured us with a depoſition taken at the office of the American Conſul in that place, of which the following is an abſtract:—

"John Brodie, (the deponent) of Green Briar County in Virginia, a ſeaman on board ſchooner Betſey, of Norfolk, Samuel Shore, maſter, ſailed in ſaid ſchooner from Norfolk the 18th of April, 1802, on a voyage to Madeira, loaded with indian corn and pipe ſtaves, and had favourable weather for the firſt three weeks, and then the maſter ſuſpecting that they were to the eaſtward of Madeira, put about, and beat to the weſtward for about a fortnight, when finding they were not to the eaſtward of Madeira they put about again, and for the firſt two or three days had favourable winds from N. and N. W, and then it came round to E. and N. E. On the 17th day of June, as the water was nearly out, the maſter called all hands aft to adviſe with them, as they could not fetch Madeira, whether it would not be beſt to bear away for Teneriffe. This was agreed to, and on the 20th they found themſelves in latitude of Teneriffe, but no appearance of land; the laſt of the water was that day ſerved out, and they had no freſh proviſions on board; the wind from N. to E. N. E. and they kept ſtanding on for land. The day following they killed the dog, and ſerved it out. On the morning of the 28th they got ſoundings, and ſaw land about midday. The maſter then ſent Thomas Beck and David Evan aſhore in the Boat to ſeek for water, and the ſch'r ſtood in till about 2, P. M. and then came to anchor, and remained there till the evening of the 19th, when as there was no appearance of the boat, they cut the cable, and ran the veſſel aſhore on a ſandy beach. The ſurf here was violent, and Charles Rivers, the mate, attempting to ſwim aſhore, was drowned in it. Shortly after, the maſter and two remaining ſeamen, who aſſiſted him, went overboard, and reached the ſhore in ſafety. They laid on the beach that night, and in the morning the maſter was ſo weak as not to be able to walk, but the deponent and Thomas Lewis went different ways to look for water; the former returned about noon, without any; Lewis never appeared again. The deponent then laid down by the ſide of the maſter, who was unable to riſe; and ſhortly after, a body of Moors came upon them, and ſtripped them of all their cloaths. The deponent made known to them, by ſigns, that they wanted water; and ſome of them conducted him to a well about two miles off, which he had before paſſed, without obſerving it. He drank, and they gave him a ſkin of water to carry to the maſter, who drank a little.

By this time the Moors had been on board the veſſel, and had brought on ſhore what of the rigging they could cut away, or find looſe. The deponent went to them to ſee if he could find any thing to eat; but found what bread there was quite ſpoiled by the ſalt water, and that a caſk of beef and another of pork had been waſhed over, and all the meat loſt. He ate a little of the bread and then went to the maſter, but found him dead. He made a hole in the ſand and buried him. He then returned to the Moors, and found them roaſting indian corn, and eating it, and he ate ſome alſo. The Moors made tents of the ſails, and ſtaid there about eight days; during which time they got every thing from on board which they could and then burnt the veſſel. After this they travelled to the ſouthward, taking the deponent with them to a place where they remained about a month. Here he found the oars of the boat, which he underſtood had come on ſhore there, and the men had been carried away to the northward. A Moor then came with ſome camels, and took the deponent away with him, travelling nothward three days; and after ſtopping there five days, another Moor took him, and travelled northward four days more; he was then delivered to another who kept him four months, and then brought him to within ſight of Santa Cruz, where he ſtaid about three weeks; and after keeping him travelling about and ſtopping occaſionally, he was ſent to Mogadore, where he arrived the 2d of March laſt".

About the 8th of April, the American Agent at Mogadore received intellegence from Sallee, that Beck and Evan, who went aſhore in the boat, were there, on their way from Morocco to the Conſul General of the U. S. at Tangiers, to be ſent from there to Gibraltar.

At Farmington, (Connecticut) on Saturday the 21st ult. Miss Julia Cowles, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Zenas Cowles, aged 17 years.

The Wreath.

POOR JOE.

[A wretched looking old man is well remembered by many in the neighborhood of Bath and Lewes, to have long wandered about without indicating a wish of becoming a resident any where.—When pressed to disclose the cause of his uneasiness, he invariably declined assigning the slightest reason for it. Indeed, in all his migrations, he was never heard to utter any thing but "Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!" His manner was unimpassioned, his expression without variety of tone, yet his voice was rather tremulous. This circumstance gave rise to the following original stanzas. The vulgar, who are always superstitious, knew him only by the appellation of the "Wandering Jew."——*London Paper.*

THE MISANTHROPIST.

O MARK the aged wand'rer's step,
And grief-worn form! His tearless eye,
By sorrow drain'd, forgets to weep;
He scarcely breathes the ling'ring sigh:
So still, yet so profound, his grief,
We rather feel than hear him groan;
Rather he shuns than asks relief—
"Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!"

Nor him the churlish winter spares;
His shrinking frame, and hoary locks!
The rude winds lash his silv'ry hairs;
The pelting storm his mis'ry mocks;
Yet while his hollow looks betray
The throb supprest, the secret moan—
No words but these his griefs convey,
"Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!"

But though to paint the woes he feels,
No words but these he seems to know;
From habit yet perchance he steals
A moment's respite from his woe;
They serve to soothe with magic pow'r,
The sense of griefs too mighty grown,
Thus meas'ring every joyless hour—
"Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!"

In vain the source of woes we seek,
Of woes which shun the gazer's eye,
The cares that blanch his furrow'd cheek,
The griefs that prompt the latent sigh;
To all the forms of nature dead,
And deaf to pity's melting tone,
Each fond, each bland emotion fled—
"Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!"

To him, from life's gay scenes estrang'd,
And all the dear delights of home,
The world to one vast waste is chang'd,
And men the beasts that round it roam;
No friend the social bliss to share,
No wife to make his griefs her own,
The sorrowing victim of despair—
"Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!"

But though no cure his grief receives,
Nor time subdues his calm despair,
Yet still his hand assuasive leaves
A mild and quiet aspect there;
Silent he roves the live-long day,
A wanderer, aged, and unknown,
Or pours unseen this pensive lay—
"Poor Joe's alone! Poor Joe's alone!"

Diversity.

ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO TOM JONES.

WHEN Fielding had finished his Novel, being much distressed, he sold it to an obscure Bookseller for 25l. on condition of being paid on a certain given day. In the mean time he shewed the MS. to Thomson, the Poet, who was immediately struck with its great merit, advised Fielding by all means to get from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the Bookseller was most capable of estimating the value of his purchase. Thomson recommended the work to Andrew Miller, and the parties met at a tavern over a beef steak and a bottle. Miller began with saying, "Mr. Fielding, I always de-"termine on affairs at once, and never "change my offer. I will not give one "farthing more than 200 pounds." Two hundred pounds? (cries Fielding) "yes," says the other, "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whose surprise arose from joy, and not disappointment, shook him by the hand, sealed the bargain, and ordered in two bottles of wine. Miller got a very large sum by the sale of the book. He at different times during his life, assisted Fielding with 2,500l. which debt he cancelled in his will.

[*Poulson's Amer. Daily Advr.*]

THE prophetic spirit in which the following lines, closing a poem, addressed to the notorious blasphemer and slanderer, Tom Paine, by Governor Burke, then a member of Congress from North Carolina, were written and published upwards of twenty years ago, will occasion them to be read with increased interest at the present day.

"Such as has been thy life, such be thy fate,
"To war 'gainst virtue with a deadly hate,
"By daily slanders earn thy daily food,
"Exalt the wicked, and depress the good,
"And, having spent a lengthy life in evil,
"Return again unto thy parent Devil."

We hope to be able, in a short time, to place the whole of this poem before our readers—it exhibits in just and glowing colours, the wretch, who has since become the calumniator of Washington, and the reviler of Christ.

[*Philad. Gazette.*]

IN proportion to the ignorance and emptiness of Cheetham and Duane, is the turbulence they excite. The worst wheel in a carriage, it has been said, always makes the most noise. [*Port Folio.*]

A WIT, describing the universal Empire of Love, drolly describes its onsets among the *finny race.*

.....Love assails
And warms, 'mid seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cools crimped Cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, and opens oysters' hearts.

[*Ibid.*]

KOTZEBUE, in his Benyowski, avers that fish are *mute* for no other reason that they *drink* nothing but *water.*

[*Ibid.*]

A Paris paper says, "The Americans and English educate their children *in the* fear of God, and the love of money."

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